L. G. GOULD.

SEVENTY-FIVE life Senators have been elected by the Versatiles Assembly. They are called the "Unmovables." They will have to be spared very short earthly careers to keep from being knocked overboard by Paris revolutions and fashions, whose law is the true law of nature-change. The other two hundred and twenty-five Senators to the new S mate are to be elected popularly.

THE Cincinnati Gazette prints an interesting article by a well-known physician of Cincinnati, on the horse as opposed to civilization. The writer argues that by abolishing the horse we could do away with noise and dirt and the inconvenience of locomotion, make beautiful grassy promenades of our streets, and by mproved machinery do all the work that is now intrusted to the horse, with greater economy of time and money. The position taken by the writer is a novel and

PROFESSOR PALMIERI announces that the dynamics of the earthquakes recently felt at Naples, did not take their rise in Vesuvius. Evidently a shaking up is going on in the interior of the earth, when the rolling occurs almost simultaneously in the Old and New Worlds; and the movement must be strong when some of the internal insides are dropped out through the surface into space. We are

FELIX GILLET has just presented the editor of the Nevada (California) Transcript a box of ripe strawberries, of the "Princess Dagmar" variety, which had just been picked from the vines in his gardens. Ripe strawberries, some of which measure three and a quarter inches in circumference, picked on the 13th of December, and grown in the open light of 2 50 feet the measure three and some of the pen in t air at an altitude of 2,250 feet above the ocean, with huge banks of snow three or short," Susy—crouched upon a footstool ocean, with huge banks of snow three or in the corner, my elbows on my knees four feet deep in sight, and not thirty miles distant, show what kind of a climate we have in California, and particularly in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

ville, Allen County, Ind., committed suicide recently by hanging. He had been low-spirited for some time over the failure of his crops last year. He went out to did, while if there was a bad bargain to his barn with the ostensible purpose of be made we were pretty sure to be the found hanging by a chain to one of the beams. The corpse presented a horrible sight. The flesh on the neck was forced through the links of the chain, and terribly cut and bruised, showing that he must have suffered a terrible death. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

THE Newburyport (Mass.) Herald notes the recent death in that city of Kate Coffin, who had been a city pensioner for thirty-seven years. young she was the belle of Newburyport, and when old, even more than fourse she was remarkably good-looking and very polite. She was at the city alms-house for no weakness of mind, no disease of body, no immorality of life; but when her father and mother died the town took her up, simply because she determined that she would do nothing for self-support. Labor, even of the lightest kind, she was totally unacquainted with; it was repugnant to all her ideas of what belonged to a lady, and she never forgot that she was one of the first families of the town, and when young knew not what work was, nor from necessity was required to know. She was the daughter of Lemuel Coffin, who lost all his fortune some time before his death, so that Kate from affluence and ease was reduced to poverty. Her age was eighty-nine years.

A short time ago Lodecia Fredenburgh, and Albert Fredenburgh, her son, tion.' were condemned to be executed at Herkimer, N. Y., December 31, for the murder of Orlo Davis, an aged cripple, in the town of Gray, Herkimer County, last summer. They were convicted on the evidence of Mary Davis, a young married daughter of Albert Fredenburgh, and daughter-in-law of the victim, and a confessed accomplice. For weeks the counsel assigned the condemned had made application in vain for a stay of sentence. And now the Utica Herald torted Uncle Barnabas, nodding his contains a confession of the girl, Mary head. "Service! Why, we're all out to Davis, that she testified falsely on the trial; that she and her grandmother committed the murder, and her father had mitted the murder, and her father had nor, who, between her distaste for the proposed plan and her anxiety not to ten a letter to her declaring his innocence, and intimating that Franklin quite know what to say; "but I—I've Davis, the husband of his daughter and always been educated to be a lady." the son of his victim, was concerned in said Uncle Barnabas, staring up at a litthis and other murders. It is believed the wishy-washy water-color the old woman, Lodecia Fredenburg, is Cupid and Psyche, an "exhibition in fact, it has no collar-Mr. Slouch's responsible, and that her sentence will piece" of poor Eleanor's, which hung above the chimney-piece.
"I couldn't, indeed, sir."

The use of the "Cashmere shawl" was mechanically repeated Uncle Barnabas, first introduced in Paris by a young as if he were saying off a lesson. "Drive Greek, the wife of a Frenchman. She was very beautiful, and was the fashion for several seasons. Her exquisite loveli-ness enchanced the beauty of the garment, and all the grand dames wrapped themselves in what to-day is called the

SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, has had a private car built for the exclusive use of himself and family. It is a richly-fur-

ure up a trifle more erect than usual.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Barnabas.

What is the old lady's name?"

care not to look in the direction of my

mother and Eleanor.
"You're the most sensible of the lot,"

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow cases were, and the chintz-cushioned easy-chair, the full strength of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

"I can't help it " unoth I holding val-

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding val-iantly to my colors. "We can't starve.

Some of us must do something. And you can live very nicely, mother darling,

"That is true," sighed my mother from behind her black-bordered pocket handkerchief. "But I never thought to

see a daughter of mine going out to-to

ervice!"
"And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do

said he, with a chuckle.

"My aunt?" I echoed.

"Why, of course," said the plumpold dy: "don't you know? I'm your Aunt

Prudence."

But I thought," gasped I, "that I to a situation."

was coming to a situation."

"Well, so you are," retorted Uncle
Barnabas. "The situation of adopted

daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket money, the care of your Aunt Prudence's cat and canary,

and to make yourself generally useful.
"Ob, Uncle?" cried I, "Eleane

would have been so glad to come if she had known it."

"Fiddlestrings and little fishes!" fl-

logolically responded my uncle. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine for

work. Eleanor had the situation offered

her and she chose to decline. You de

cided to come, and here you stay. Ring

the bell. Prue, and order tea, for I'm as

hungry as a hunter, and I dare say little

a."
And this is the way I drifted into my

luxurious home. Eleanor, in the country cottage, envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a

metropolitan home can gratify. But Uncle Barnabas will not hear of my ex-

changing with her.

"No, no!" says he. "The girl I've got is the girl I mean to keep. Miss

anor is too fine a lady to suit me,"

But he lets me send them liberal pres

ents every month, so I am happy.

Without waiting to put on its

at a concert-it should be carried out.

here would relish a cup of good

## Caton

## Aemocrat.

L. G. GOULD, Publisher.

Devoted to the Interests of the Democratic Party, and the Collection of Local and General News.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. IX--NO. 6.

EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876.

Come, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on the book.
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look.
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow.
Let us talk about the bables
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngaters;
How we lost them one by one,

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night,
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the attar at his back—
Would you think that gitted preacher
Could be your own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three,
With the years there came a wedding...
How your fond beart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the country
Chose your bady for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there.
Would you thick that brilliant lady
Coold be your way little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster
I can hear him pratting now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow.
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trent ling lip!
He is far off on the water.
Captain of a royal ship.
See the houne upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That the boy who clumg so foundly
To his mother's gentle hand?

Ah ! my wife, we've lost the babies, Ah I my wife, we've lost the bables,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to those great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Seldom do we ever see them;
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
An we sit here in the fire light,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us;
They'll stop long enough one day
Just to lay us in the church yard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

"Well, girls," said my Uncle Barna-"and now what do you propose to

We sat around the fire in a disconso losing some of our gravity, it is clear, and Neapolitans begin to think that there is a big job ahead for the plumbers.

late semi-circle that dreary, May night, when the rain pattered against the window panes and the poor little daffodils in the borders shook and shivered as if they would fain hide their shivered as if they would fain hide their late semi-circle that dreary, drizzling golden heads once more in the mothersoil. My mother, Eleanor and I. The first, pale and pretty, and silver-haired, with the widow's cap and her dress of

and my chin in my hands.

Uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff and rather grim. He was stout and short, with a grizzled mustache, a little round,

Peter S. Harderle, a wealthy farmer residing about one mile west of Maysnabas was rich and we were very poor. Uncle Barnabas was wise in the ways of the world, and we were inexperienced. Uncle Barnabas was prosperous in all he ones to make it. Consequently, a a matter of course, we looked up to Un-cle Barnsbas, and reverenced his opin-

> tiful jetty brows. Yes, that's exactly it," said my mother, nervously; "because, Brother Barnabas, we don't pretend to be busi

ness women, and it's certain we cannot live comfortably on our present income. Something has got to be done."

My mother leaned back in her chair

with a troubled face.
"Yes," said Uncle Barnabas, "some thing has got to be done; but who's to

do it !"
Another dead silence succeeded.
"I suppose you girls are educated,"
said Uncle Barnabas; "I know I found
enough old school-bills when I was looking over my brother's papers."
"Of course," said my mother, with
evident pride: "their education has
been most expensive. Music, drawing,
use of the globes—"

"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted Un-cle Barnabas. "But is it practical? Can

Eleanor looked dubious. I was quite certain that I could not. Mme. Lenoir, among all her list of accomplishments, had not included the art of practical tui-

tion. "Humph!" grunted Uncle Barnabas. ation. Well, if you can't teach you can surely do something. What do you say, Eleanor, to a situation?"
"A situation?"

The color fluttered in Eleanor's cheeks like pink and white apple blossoms.

"I spoke plain enough, didn't I?" said
Uncle Barnabas, dryly. "Yes, a situa-

"What sort of a situation, Uncle Bar-"Well, I can't hardly say. Part servant, part companion to an elderly lady," explained the old gentleman.

"O, Uncle Barnabas, I couldn't do

"Not do it? And why not?" "It's too much-too much," whispere Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the

pressure of the emergency, out to service." "And that is precisely what it is," re service, in one way or another, in this world."

"Oh, yes, I know," faltered poor Elea-

"Wages twenty-five dollars a month, out every day in the carriage with the missus, cat and canary to take care of, modern house with all the improvements. Sunday afternoons to yoursel and two weeks, spring and fall to visit

your mother.' "No, Uncle Barnabas, no!" said Eleanor, with a little shudder. "I am a true Berkelin, and I cannot stoop to menia

Uncle Barnabas gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad Rabbit Culture in Italy.

"Sorry," said he, "Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect to be any more liberal minded [Foreign Letter.] The immense use of rabbits as an article of food in France, amounting to 85,000,000 a year, which supplies the poorer classes with a nutritious meat diet, which than Heaven. "Sister Rachel," to my mother, "what do you say?" My mother drew her pretty little figotherwise they would be unable to afford, is beginning to be introduced into Italy, "I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berkelins have always been ladies."

I sat quite silent, still with my chin in my hands, during all this family discuswhere it meets with considerable favor. This innovation is due to a Mr. Costa-magna, of Turin, a dealer in furs, who for years had been in the habit of importing sion; but now I rose up and came creeping to Uncle Barnabas side.
"Well, little Susie," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on my them from France to the amount o 50,000 to 80,000 francs a year. He sud-denly conceived the idea that, instead of paying this tribute to another country, it would be much easier and more eco-nomical to raise himself the little animals "If you please, Uncle Barnabas," said I, with a rapidly-throbbing heart, "I would like to take the situation." which furnish these skins. He consequently devoted himself to their study, visiting the principal establishments in France, Germany, and Belgium, where they are raised with success; and, on the other hand, to promote the use of their flesh as food, he published tracts, explain-"My dear child!" exclaimed my "Susannah!" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.
"Yes," said I, "twenty-five dollars ing the different methods of preparation. He invited free ingress to all who wished to visit his nursery, and finally opened a month is a great deal of money, and I was never afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, Uncle Barnabas. I'm sure I could send home at least twenty to visit his nursery, and finally opened a market in Turin for the sale of the flesh. The first day all opened their eyes in wonder; the second they tasted; the third they found that the meat was good and cheap, the fourth it was necessary to give dollars a month to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks, spring and fall, would be so nice. Please, Uncle Barnabas, I'll go back with you when you go. notice that the supply, not being equal to the demand, the market would be open "Her name?" said Uncle Barnabas.

"Didn't I tell you. It's Prudence—Mrs. only certain hours each day. This was in May, 1874. Since then counting up the results, it has been found that the What a nice name," said I. "I know Turinese have consumed in one way or another 75,000 of these little animals. The important point is that rabbit flesh I shall like her."
"Well, I think you will," said Uncle Barnabas, looking kindly at me. "And has become a normal part of the diet of the Turinese, and that thousands who formerly could not indulge in meat on solemn occasions, can now daily afford I think she will like you. Is it a bargain for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning?"
"Yes," I answered, stoutly, taking

this, which costs so much less.

The introduction of this animal into Italy, if general, will be of much more importance than at first appears, and will, without any action of government in the matter, relieve this country from paying an immense tribute to France, the value of skins imported each year amounting to 25,000,000 of francs. The consumption of this article of food has already extended beyond Turin into the other parts of Piedmont, and into Lombardy, Venice, and the Romagns. Connected with the nursery of Mr. Costanger of the preparation of the preparation. magns is a factory for the preparation and making up of the skins, so that the animals which on the first floor are seen in the full enjoyment of health and vigor issue from the third in the shape of beaver hats, warm, comfortable cloaks,

elegant little muffs, and other articles of

anything for us, after all," cried out Eleanor, indignantly. "Stingy old fel-low; I should think he might at least adopt one of us! He's as rich as Crossus, wearing apparal. The New York Graphic says that when first Mr. Huggins published his statements as to the movements of stars to-"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to ward or from the solar system they were generally received with polite incredu-lity. The method itself seemed so ex-ceedingly delicate as to be almost beyond earn my own money."
So the next morning I set out for the unknown bourne of New York life.
"Uncle Barnabas," said I, as the train reached the city, "how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?" the powers of the human senses, and to make the results, to say the least, doubtful. Mr. Huggins argued thus: If a "Oh, I'll go there with you," said her "Are you well acquainted with her," star is approaching the solar system at a very high rate of velocity, that velocity, added to the velocity of its light travel-ing to the eye of the observer, will cause I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well indeed," answered Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head sagely. a displacement of the different rays in the spectrum toward the violet end, but We took a back at the depot and drove through so many streets that my head if the star were traveling from the earth the displacement would be toward the spun round and round like a teetotum, before we stopped at a pretty brown-stone mansion—it looked like a palace to red end of the spectrum. Of course the positions of the rays in the normal specmy unaccustomed eyes-and Uncle Barand then the aberrant spectrum com-pared with them. This is what Mr. Huggins did—finding, for example, that " Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives, A neat little maid, with a frilled white Sirius is approaching the earth at the rate of about thirty-seven miles per secpron, and rose colored ribbons in her opened the door with a courtesy ond. As we have said, the observation and I was conducted into an elegant were of so delicate a character that many apartment, all gilding, exotics, and blue persons doubted their reality. Lately however, the Astronomer Royal of Eng satin damask, when a plump old lady, dressed in black silk, with the lovelies land, Sir George Airey, has repeated Valenciennes lace at her throat and wrists, came smilingly forward, like a these and similar observations, and has completely verified Mr. Huggins' stateixty-year-old sunbeam.
"So you've come back, Barnabas, have ments. So some fine day we shall have Sirius come waltzing into the solar syson ?" said she, and brought one of the tem and making things exceedingly live ly for all the inhabitants thereof. But lear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear."
"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said
Uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one way
and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa. body of this generation need alarmed at the prospect, for it will take him a million years or so, even at the high rate of speed at which he is now traveling, to reach our cozy little solar

John Randolph, of Roanoke.

Mr. Randolph's manner was not al-ways marked by the courtesy which should distinguish a gentleman. He was of a nervous temperament, and when irritated it was quite an easy thing to

amnoy him.

"Good morning, Mr. Randolph," said a gentleman, as he passed him one day.
"Rainy this morning."

"Quite obvious, sir," was the ill-

natured reply.
Randolph bearded in Georgetown while a member of Congress, and gener-ally rode over to the Capitol; sometimes he walked. On a keen, frosty morning he was walking over to the House, and soon after he crossed Rock Creek Bridge, he was spied by Mr. B., who was walkin on the opposite side of the street in the same direction. Mr. B. had a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Randolph, and eeing him across the street, thought it a good time to improve, and so crossed over to walk with him. Now Randolph had very long legs, and was, even in his ordinary gait, a very fast walker. With some difficulty Mr. B. came up with Mr. Randolph and saluted him with:

"Good morning, Mr. Randolph; you are walking fast this morning. "Yes, sir," squeaked Randolph, "and I can walk still faster;" and thereupon Mr. Randolph increased his long stride, and Mr. B. was soon left to pursue his

There is at least one creature that en

A Wonderful Clock. bys the wild, warmish days of a pusil Yesterday the firm of Noah Walker fanimous winter. It is the faithful dog Mrs. Prudence, fearing that the large and Co., clothiers, Nos. 165 and 167 West Baltimore street, received from Vienna, costly piece of fresh beef she has bought will spoil, hangs it out in the cool, night air. Mr. Slouch's valuable dog, a rare and beautiful piece of mechanism in the shape of a clock. It consists of a which he keeps as a "guard," smelleth afar off, and in the darkness, the meat thick glass dial, with gold figures and bands, and apparently nothing more. The clock is suspended by two cords, that hangs out on the Prudence premises. and hangs in the center of the window During yesterday this springless tim sagacious protector makes its way to the suspended ficsh. The brute is long and keeper was the center of attraction, and strong, can reach high, and in a few minutes the Prudences are out of meat. When daylight reveals the theft, and Mrs. Prudence looks up at the place where her delicious beef is not, the re-marks she makes, though doing Slouch and his dog ample justice, would make ing, and having been set, it kept time both of them very mad if they were within hearing. What particularly inflames Mrs. Prudence is that Mr. Prudence, by the laws of this ill-governed city, is comelled to pay taxes for the protection of he timid Mr. Slough's protector.days longer. The wonderful invention is a mystery as yet even to its owner, but a letter is expected in a few days A GOOD suggestion is like a crying baby

(St. Louis Globe-Democra

Mr. J. H. Bishop, a lively-appearing young gentleman, whose vocation is given out as a newspaper correspondent, reached the city on the 17th inst. from the Lone Star State, and that night dropped into the Globe Democrat office. Mr. Bishop was in a talkative humor, and made substantially the following statement, which is given for what it is worth:

In regard to the Mexican troubles. have to say that the public outside of Mexico are misinformed as to the late cattle-raiding. The Mexicans are, so to speak, a treacherous set of fellows, but not treacherous enough to steal all the cattle that have been stolen of late. For instance, the cattle stolen some few days since were not taken by Mexicans; they since were not taken by Mexicans; they were taken by white men. This is a fact which can be proven by the method they adopted. The telegraphic wires were cut at Cashoville, and some seventy feet carried away. The operator, the next day, fixed the damaged place, and on the succeeding day it was cut again. It was then discovered that the bandits were white men, not Mexicans, as at first reported. It is supposed that the narties ported. It is supposed that the parties are allies operating in the interest of the cattle thieves.

There is prejudice between Texas and Mexico, and the former does all in her

when some cattle are stolen and run over the Rio Grande. Texas wants the Mexican government abolished at the expense of the United States. The Mexicans are all cowards, and are not brave enough to do what they are charged with doing. To-day Mexico is improving more than she ever did; and to speak of the presidency of Lerdo, it has made an un-mistakable success. Railroads are growing throughout the State; canals are being cut through to Vera Cruz, which will be completed inside of three years, a very large force being at work; highways are being improved, and marshes and lakes drained. This is purely a Mexican affair, done by the proceeds of lotteries. Not one cent of it belongs to American, and in the City of Mexico, street rail ways are constructed through street railways are constructed through-out the whole city; and to-day they have in running order a line of cars, for the special accommodation of visitors to the city, out to the famous inn called Noche Trieste," where Cortez, three hundred years ago, wept as the remnants of his defeated forces filed sorrowfully

before him. I speak with truth. It is a plain fact that something is wrong on the frontier. Very wisely, indeed, our government has its standing army (and it is a standing one) at San Antonio-the officers live like millionaires -and also at Fort Worth and Fort Siil, in the Comanche coun-What are all these men doing? Why, they are at home, and have every-

If Texas was imposed on as she repre-sents, they would undoubtedly take it up. There are plenty of men who kill at the first fire. No, it is a falsehood; all the raiding done is done by white men disguised as Mexicans. I speak from my own knowledge, and have been there long enough to do the country justice in giv-ing the above facts. So I say, do not listen to all you hear. Don't you sup-pose if all reports of stolen cattle were true, that there would be a petition signed to the government to aid in preserving order? To my own knowledge, I know of only a few cattle losses, and I will say again that these depredations are committed by outlaws. Give the devil his due and the poor Mexicans some

The Last of the Royal Stuarts.

An English paper of the 11th of December reports: A historical figure has just passed away; Lady Louisa Stuart, the last descendant of the royal family of Scotland, having died at Traquain House, near Peebles, in her one hunthe last surviving representative of a once powerful border clan. She was the daughter of the seventh Earl, and upon the death, in 1861, of her brother Charles, the eighth peer, the ancient title of the line became extinct. Born in 1776, she had almost completed her hundredth year; and, retaining her facul-ties unimpaired, she was able to refer from personal knowledge to events which are matters of remote history to the present generation. Her venerable age made her an object of much tender in-terest and attraction. The Stuarts of Traquair bear a notable name, and trace connection through a long descent with Scotland. The earliest mention of the family in Peeblesshire occurs in 1478. The Earl of Buchan, whose mother, Lady Jane Beaufort, was the widow of James then purchased the domain of Traquair for his natural son, James Stuart. James, who was subsequently legiti-mated, was the founder of the race of Stuart, and perished at Flodden, leaving several sons. The fortunes of the family seem to have culminated in Sir John Stuart, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and Commissioner to the General Assembly, who was elevated to the earldom in 1633, and, after a checkered career, died in extreme penury. The second Earl, his son, though an elder of the Church of Scotland, ultimately embraced the Roman Catholic religion, which became from this time the hereditary faith of from this time the hereditary faith of the Stuarts. He was succeeded in turn by his sons. William and Charles, the by his sons, William and Charles, the atter of whom married Lady Mary Maxwell, sister of the Earl of Nithsdale, through the intervention of his devoted wife, is one of the most romantic and touching incidents in later history. By further intermarriage in the next gen-

stable Maxwell, younger brother of Lord Herries, and descendant of the Niths-

closely united, and now the names of

the estates of Traquair having just passed, by the death of Lady Louisa, into the hands of the Hon. Henry Con-

Sorrow and Joy. Reader, did you ever notice immediately after the "marriage" head, that was worked. A News representative visited the store last night to satisfy himself that it was worked by electricity. self that it was worked by electricity, but he found nothing but the glass dial and piled on the breasts of some we thought hands as before stated. The clock was not so near the grave. We read who started at nine o'clock yesterday morn- are married, and wish them joy; a line below is the record of deaths, and we say with "Big Sam" to the minutes during mournfully, peace to their ashes. Sorthe day. It will run for six days, at the end of which time, by giving it a gentle shake, it will continue to run for six are broken rudely—voices, no matter how musical, stilled in a moment.

A PIANO affords a young lady a good from the maker, in which he will proba-bly explain its working.—Baltimore News. finger-ring. chance to show her fingering and her OHIO.

The Auditor of State has made a report, from which we learn that the balances in the Treasury to the credit of the

40,224 68 450,569 82 127,727 21 \$812,397 19 Total.
The receipts into the Treasury, from all sources, during the year, including transfers of \$229,674.20, as shown in Satement No. 2, amounted to...
Total receipts, including balances and

 
 Leaving balance in the Treasury of ... \$1,429,778 52

 To the credit of the following funds:
 115,290 11

 General Revenue Fund ... 61,185 37
 61,185 37

 Sinking Fund ... 1,131,078 64
 1,23,223 40

 National Road Fund ...
 122,223 40
 Total balances in Treasury Nov. 15, '75.\$1,429,778 52

Total balances in Treasury Nov. 15,75. \$1,429,778 52
The receipts for the National Road Fund
were \$17,265.12; and the disbursements \$17,265.12, showing that the whole income has
been disbursed upon the road and no balance left. The law requires the receipts of
the National Road to be expended in its
maintenance. The following exhibit, so far
as relates to the State debt, is derived from
the books of the Commissioners of the
Sinking Fund, and shows the transactions
in and present conditions of the public in and present conditions of the public funded debt of the State:

On the 15th of November, 1874, the Public Funded Debt of the State was \$7,988,205 : The redemption during the year were—

This sum consists of the following loans oan payable July 1, 1868, not bearing interest.

Loan payable after December 31, 1875,
bearing 6 per cent. interest.

Loan payable after June 30, 1881, bearing 6 per cent interest.

Loan payable after December 31, 1856,
bearing 6 per cent. interest. 1,473,114 82 4,672,640 80

\$7,948,255 12

.\$1,429,778 52 \$6,619,293 52 Names of Funds. dish Names of Funds. discurrenments in 1876.

General Revenue Funds. 4581,802 44
Asylum Fund. 1,950,677 16
Sinking Fund. 2,183,858 82
Common School Fund. 1,628,361 60
National Road Fund. 18,000 00

Est. net bal. Nov. 15, '76.

The inability of the Asylum Fund to pay its debt to the Sinking Fund before January. 1876, as previously shown, defers the payment of part of the debt falling due January. ist, sext, until after the settlement of the June collection of taxes. The last half of the ax duplicate, payable in August next, will be sufficient to take up the remainder of the past due debt, and to pay the interest falling due January 1, 1877. Henceforth the

Beal estate not in cities, towns and Beal state not 4n cities, towns and villages 697,408,537 00 (Chattle property (being personal property of every kind) 628,121,588 00

Total taxable valuations for 1874.\$1,580,370,324 00 The taxes levied in 1874 and receivable in 1875, upon the above basis of valuation, were as follows:

FOR STATE PURPOSES. For General Revenue
Fond C'2 mill on a
dollar)...
For Asylum Fund (9-10
of a mill on a dollar)
For Sinking Fund (8-10
of a mill on a dollar)...
For State Common
School Fund (1 mill on
a dollar)... 1,419,940 59 1.262.170 08

FOR COUNTIES, CITIES, TOWNS, VILLAGES,

To al for county taxes, \$6,038,749 78

For township expenses... \$801,338 90 For school and schoolhouse purposes 6,305,533 77
For city, town and villings purposes 7,236,420 27
For other special pur-

Total taxes for 1875, iscluding delin

The value of all the real and personal es tuplicate of 1875, is as follows: teal estate in cities, towns and vil-Real estate not in cities, towns and

revenue officers, the several County Audi-tors. The nature of the increase of the du-plicate is precisely the same as last year, viz-in the increase of real estate of cities, towns,

villages and of persolal property, and a diminution of the value of other real estate,

Real estate in cities, towns and villages. \$354,849,199 \$11,182,52 ......

Real estate not in cities, towns or villages. \$697,408,537 \$8325,214

Personal property...... \$52,121,588 7,539,239 ......

The taxes for the current fiscal year, assessed on the preceding basis in 1875, and collectible in December, 1875, and June, 1876, by the several County Transpares, and the State's proportion of which is due at the semi-annual settlements with this office the semi-annual settlements with this office 1876, by the several County Treasurers, and

WHOLE NUMBER 453.

in the months of February and August 1876, are as follows: FOR STATE PURPOSES.
For General Revenue Fund (4-10 of a mill on the dollar).
For Asylum Fund (9-10 of a mill on the dollar).
For Sinking Fund (8-10 of a mill on the dollar). FOR STATE PURPOSES. 1,436,312 59 For State Common School Fund (f mill on the dollar)

Total for State purposes (3 1-10 mills on the dollar) \$4,948,995 11 FOR COUNTIES, CITIES, TOWNS, VILLAGES

Total for county pur-86,659,467 58 

Total township, city, school and special Total levies made in 1875 for all pur-827,962,971 37

Add delinquent taxes and forfeitures Total taxes for 1876, including delin-

that there was, of a certain Kind of tax, som \$37,000 of the State's proportion retained and used by said county, under the belief that it lawfully and properly belonged to the county. Suit was entered, and by an agreement of the parties the matter was re-ferred to competent referees, who, after full investigation, brought in their award, and independent was consequently entered in the judgment was consequently entered in the Superior Court of Cincinnati, on the 15th of May last, in favor of the State and against Inmilton county for \$37,276.24. There is still another claim against the same county for the sum of about \$43,000 of another kind of tax retained under similar circumstances. This claim is also in suit.

Henry Wilson's Parentage.

The Boston Herald, in order to confirm its denial of the assertion that the late Vice-President Wilson was of gypsy origin, addressed to an uncle of Mr. Wilson, residing in New Hampshire, a letter of inquiry, to which the following is the reply: Editor of the Herald:

There is a story going the rounds of the press that Henry Wilson was of a gypsy descent. Now, we consider it of no importance whatever from whom he descended, as he was not consulted in

the matter, and, moreover, " Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the henor lies." But the story goes that a young gypsy, with his young daughter, emigrated to this country, and, landing at Portsmouth, N. H., the home of Gov. Benning Wentworth, he was employed by Wentworth, to work on his farm in Wolfboro, and that when Wentworth had to flee the country, in consequence of his lovalty to King George, he left young Colbath in charge of the farm, and that from this young gypey deconded Hon. Honry Wilson, and also the whole multitudinous race of Colbaths that are now spread knowing Mr. Wilson as we did, we hazard nothing in saying that he would rather have been the descendants of a gypsy than of a King. But facts are stubborn ery man's heart is a living drama; every

present levy for the Sinking Fund will produce a large accumulation in the fund that will not be required, and can not be legitimately employed until June, 1881. It will said Winthrop, Jr., was the son of Winthrop Colbath, Jr., and the son of Winthrop Colbath, Jr., and the said Winthrop, Jr., was the son of Winthrop Colbath, Sr., who removed from Newington, N. H., to Rochester, now Farmington, N. H., in about the year ried into effect, or in what other way the accumulations referred to may be safely and lawfully utilized for the greatest good of the State. The valuations upon the several county duplicates of the State, for the year 1874, footed up as follows:

Real estate in cities, towns and villages.

Safe are seen as the state of the several county duplicates of the State, for the year 1874, footed up as follows:

Real estate in cities, towns and villages.

Safe are seen as the second of the several county duplicates of the state, for the year 1874, footed up as follows:

Real estate in cities, towns and villages.

Safe are seen as the second of the several county duplicates of the state, for the year 1878, and lived and died there at a ripe old age. This Winthrop, Sr., (grand-father of Henry Wilson,) was the son of James and Olive Colbath, and said James was doing business in Portsmouth, N.

H., in 1750, and continued to do here. session his account current with Colonel John Downing and others during that period of time. In 1754 Joseph Colbath deeded to said James Colbath two and one-quarter acres of land situated in Portsmouth, and we have the deed of conveyance. In 1784, the said James Colbath (great grandfather of Henry Wilson) conveyed to his son, Benning

the same piece of land, with three additional acres, and at the closing of the deed is this important sentence And I. Olive Colbath, mother of said Benning Colbath, do hereby join in said conveyance." And the considera said deed was love and affection. Said James and Olive Colbath removed from Newington, formerly part of Portsmeuth, to Rochester, now Farmington, 1784, and subsequently removed to Middleton, N. H., with their son Bennington, where they died at a ripe old age, in the year 1800, and they were the first tenants of the old Colbath burial ground in Middleton, where their schen way.

in Middleton, where their ashes now Said James and Olive Colbath were the great grandparents of Henry Wilson. Said James Colbath lived in the same lo-

cality, first in Portsmouth, then Newington, from 1750 down to 1784, and raised there a family of eight children, viz: Leighton, Independence, Winthrop (grandfather of Wilson), Hunkin, Ben-ning, Keziah, Debora, and Amy. Winthrop, Sr., the grandfather of Mr. Wilson, married Hannah Rollins, of Newarents were emigrants from Europe, the

We will rest here, for the case is clear. Henry Wilson was not a gypsy; his father was never a gypsy, we know, for we remember him well sixty years ago; his great grandfather was never a gypsy and his great-great grandfather was an Engligh emigrant and not a gypsy.

JEREMIAH S. COLBATH.

have found a competitor in "the dynamite fiend," Thomassen, who is much nore ubiquitous than even Katie King. He was born nowhere in particular, alhough his nationality is attributed to

The Gaton Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business cards of five lines or less, 33 per annum, Local notices 10 cents per line cach insertion.

Simple announcements of marriages and deaths, and church and bonevolent society notices inserted free. Any additions to obstuary notices will be charged 5 cents per line.

Exvers attest be handed in as early as Tocaday morning in lower insertion the same week. norming to insure insertion the same week.

Communications upon subjects of general or load interest are solicited.

> VINO SANTO. BY H. H.

Once I read a strange, awest story.
Of a sacred snowy wine,
Made by peasants on Lake Gards,
Brewed beneath the cross's sign;
Vino Santo called forever,
Sealed with seal of things divine—
Vino Santo, Holy Wise!

On the first days of October, Only in a shining sun— Only in the dew of morning, Clusters lifted one by one; Thus begins the solemn vintage, Vintage with the cross for sign-Vino Santo, Holy Wine !

Pales the autumn, fails the winter, Lie the grapes untouched and still; No man hases and no man hinders While their subtle juices fill; Till the sucred day of Christmas, Day of days, of joy divine, Then is brewed the Holy Wine!

Past the winter, past the spring-time,
Into summer far and late;
For the joy of Vino Santo
They who long must long and wait;
Only glowing heat can ripeo—
Glowing heat and cross s sign,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine 1 Dear, to-day, the strange, sweet story,
Sudden seemeth thine and mine;
Thine and mine and all true lovers,
Scaled by seal and signed by sign;
Silence, patience, from Love's Vintage
Drink at last, in joy divine,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine.
—Scribner for Jan

An auditor being asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, replied that he should "hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of sticks."

Fish are caught by measure and sold by weight—that is, they are caught by the gill and sold by the pound. But they are sometimes caught by weight wait till you get a bite.

MEN are protected from insult and wrong, not merely by their own skill, but also, in the absence of any skill at all, by the general spirit of forbearance to which society has trained all those whom they are likely to meet.

whom they are likely to meet.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Most surely this is wholen's part,
It is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance sinells to heaven.

AMERICA'S favorite poet, George W.
Childs, A. M., in order to avoid any
further vexatious interruptions of his
labors for the dead, has given notice that
he will receive callers at his place of
hysiness in the afternoon only. Accordingly he is now known as George Childs, P. M.

LOUISVILLE Courier-Journal: The most wretched being this season is the man with an Ulster overcoat. He had not counted on a mild winter, and the bare of that coat makes him burst into another perspiration and look more like a stage-driver than ever.

"SEE here, conductor, why don't you have a fire in this car?" "Well, you see, one of our directors is a clothing man, and another is a doctor, and another is a drug-store keeper, and an runs a tombstone factory, and you know in this world people must 'live and let live.' So you see -" "All right, sir; go shend with your coffin." who drags into book pages a phase or two of the great life of passion, of endurance, of love, of sorrow, is but wetting a feather in the sea that breaks occasionally along the shores of the ways.

the stage.-It Marvel. WHETHER we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

—James Russell Lowell.

death is a drop scene; every book only

faint footlight to throw a little flicker on

He was dining out one day in Paris when a pretentious guest at the table, upon hearing the author ask for a second plateful, exclaimed, "Oh, ho, M. Fontenelle, I didn't know philosophers liked good things so much!" "Probably," was the philosophical reply, "the gentleman is under the impression that God made good things only for fools."

"How long have you been in England?" was the question put by a young Englishman to a young American at a public dinner in London recently. "About two weeks, "as "Really," was the rejoinder of young John Bull, "and I notice you talk our well as we do." "Yes," re-About two weeks," was the reply. language as well as we do." "Yes," plied Brother Jonathan, "I have been here quite long enough to forget how to speak it."

THE general thoughtless handling of machines, cleaning parts of machines while in motion, adjusting parts which should be at rest while being acted on, and other habits contracted by familiar-ity, should be avoided. A machine ought not to be trifled with. It has no remorse or pity. Once in its power, there is no escape with impunity. It should be managed with caution and constant care, for in dealing with machinery it is always better to be foolishly careful than foolishly careless.

Two lawyers in a country court-one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked sus-piciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with dark hair remarked to his opponent, "A person at your time of life," looking at the barrister's gray of life," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have long enough expe man an Englishman and the woman an Irish lady, but their names I have not learned. They landed according to tradition, and as circumstances indicate, at Portsmouth, N. H.

We will rest here, for the case is clear.

We will rest here, for the case is clear.

This is an Indiana story, told by the Evansville Journal: A night or two ago one of our prominent merchants went home late with his mind distracted by columns of figures, and a little absent-minded. The house is on a corner, and a gas-light throws its enlivening rays straight through the front parlor windows. He opened the front door, and, after locking it, opened the parlor door to walk through. The blinds had been though his nationality is attributed to allowed to remain up, and as he walked all the countries of the world; there are into the room his shadow fell full and thirty-one cities in this country alone, plainly on the opposite wall. He stopped in each of which he lived many years, short at the sight, and in a moment with Evansville and Cincinnati yet to thoughts of burglars sailed through his be heard from. During the war he carried on simultaneously the professions of a blockade runner, a manufacturer of he began to back quietly out of the door, lye-stuffs in New York, while he resided | with the hope that if he got out without all the time in Germany. He married giving the alarm he would not be shot his wife in several different places at by the burglar, whom he saw feel for his once, and, taken altogether, he is quite pistol simultaneously with himself.

S525,214 a loss to society when one thinks what a wonderful life he led. wonderful life he led.

Boston is well supplied with men milliners and dressmakers, and they are

life he backed to the introduct of the introder. As he was backing out of the introder. As he was backing out of the door, however, the shadow fell on the door, and it looked so familiar he stopped and reflected—and then went in and got to bed.